

FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

By Chas. R. Griggs.

There could be no history without biography; no biography without the actions of human beings; no actions without an incentive. The greatest incentive which befalls an intelligent being is the desire for liberty—the liberty to deliver the message which God sent him to deliver, the message of untried and untried goodness—whether that goodness be in the capacity of a slave, a free man, a ditch digger, or a newspaper editor in a municipal building; postal clerk in a post office; legislator, congressman, school board representative, text-book author, or patriot on the battlefield.

Therefore, the one weak point in our educational system today, which has no place in the domain of democracy—is the endeavor of American historians, magazine writers, newspaper correspondents and lecturers to omit the lives of the great men, Negroes and the great Negroes. For example, no one will deny the fact that the letter "Z" is as necessary to the completion of the alphabet as the letter "A" is necessary. And no letter can be destroyed without affecting the alphabet, nor without affecting the English language. Imagine the omission of any letter of the alphabet!

Thus to eliminate the faces of the darker sons and daughters from the pages of history, to deny them certain courses of study and training and to permit the student in the school room to rehearse the worthy deeds and heroic acts only of white men are to rob human history of the rich deposits that are also necessary to the sum total of human knowledge, and hence to render the student's knowledge of human history narrow and incomplete. Yes, the omission of scholars, scientists, thinkers, sages and heroes is not to be hid behind the hill, nor to be bound by mere racial ties. What virtue would there be in the divinity of Jesus Christ if his grace were ministered only to the Jew?

Coming now to the subject of my essay, at that period when the conscience of men was awakening as to the sin and curse of American slavery, there was also born in the midst of those stirring days a brilliant hero, a slave, and one who was destined to help to arouse fully that conscience. That hero was Frederick Douglass, abolitionist, orator, statesman and diplomat, who was born on the Lloyd plantation, in Talbot County, Maryland, in February, 1817. Douglass' mother, herself, was a slave to whom he gave credit for his aspirations and talent. But his father was a white man, an incident which was common during the two and a half centuries of American slavery—so common that had slavery continued a half or three centuries of a century longer there would not have been a full blooded Negro, despite the fact that during all slavery there was no howl of social equality, and not even one lynching. But to turn on even more light, and thus to condemn lynching all the more and the pretext of its cause, the U. S. Census estimates the number of mulattoes in 1880 to be 13.2 per cent of the total Negro population; and 20.9 per cent in 1910 an increase of 7.7 per cent. This is social equality, pure and simple, in a little more than a century.

While in his teens Douglass found his way to Baltimore, where he acquired the rudiments of education. Although it was a penitentiary of offense to teach a slave to read, Douglass became more and more acquainted with books. He shined shoes for a few pennies with which he bought his first book, the Columbian Orator. When only fifteen years old, he was purchased by a Baltimore ship builder. But at the age of twenty-one, Douglass escaped to New York, thence to New Bedford, Massachusetts where he met the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison. Upon the friendly invitation of Garrison, Douglass frequently attended the abolition meetings in New England. It was at an anti-slavery meeting in 1841 at Nantucket, Massachusetts that Douglass made a speech that first made him a national character. The question at once arose, "Should this eloquent fugitive slave be sent back to Maryland? There was already in Massachusetts an Anti-Slavery Society, founded in 1833 for the purpose of making sentiment against slavery. Douglass became a traveling agent of this society, making fearless speeches in various states. He also edited "The North Star," an abolition paper, at Rochester, New York, hardly less potent than Garrison's Liberator.

In 1845 Douglass visited England where he advocated the cause of his black brother in bondage. His friends in England raised the sum of \$750.00, with which his freedom was purchased. In 1849 Governor Vile of Virginia made a requisition on the governor of Michigan for the arrest of Douglass, who was charged with conspiracy in the John Brown raid. Douglass made a second visit to England, thereby avoiding another requisition, of which he said, "I fled from the talons of the American eagle to nestle in the arms of the British lion."

Besides Garrison those who were Douglass' closest associates, and who were his most ardent supporters were Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, Charles Sumner, William E. Channing, E. P. Lovejoy, John Brown, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Sojourner Truth and Harriet Tubman, the heroine of the underground railroad. On one occasion, at an anti-slavery meeting, while Douglass was making a speech in which he showed to be a respondent, Sojourner Truth arose and said, "Is God dead, Frederick?"

After the emancipation of the slaves, Douglass held various positions of honor and trust. Of these, in 1881, he was made marshal of the District of Columbia. In 1882, he was appointed to the position of Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia. Besides editing "The North Star," he wrote "My Bondage and My Freedom," "Life and Times of Frederick Douglass" and several pamphlets. In 1889, President Harrison made him minister to Italy.

While a resident in New Bedford, he married a woman (whom there were born two sons (Lewis and Charles) and a daughter. Both sons

served on the Union side in the Civil War. Of his descendants, his grand son, Joseph, became one of the greatest violinists America has produced. After her death, he married Helen Pitta, a white woman, who was a clerk in the office when Douglass was Recorder of Deeds. The voice of Douglass was hushed and he folded his arms to rest from his labors on Wednesday evening at 7:00 o'clock, February 20, 1895, at Cedar Hill, just beyond the outskirts of Washington. All Washington, New England and the Negroes generally throughout America mourned his passing. Douglass left an estate valued at \$200,000. He was tall, robust, well developed and wore his hair long leaders who have risen since his death, he was unyielding and uncompromising in exposing wrongs and advocating justice for a struggling people. Note the contrast of conditions of the decades preceding Douglass' death, and the decades following his death. During the last 24 years of his life, Negroes held many positions of honor and trust up to the United States Senate, while the 24 years following his death they have seen all these positions flee from them. Without comparison, measuring men by the proper angles, the final verdict of opinion is that Frederick Douglass was the most remarkable Negro America has produced. No man's life story in all history reads more like a romance than that of Douglass. May God, I pray, send us another Douglass, with the vision, faith and hope of a prophet, with the sympathies and gentleness of a lamb, and yet as bold and as fearless as a lion, who will shake this nation until black men are given their full liberty to vote, the liberty to live, the liberty to study, the liberty to insure property, and the liberty to hold office.

WHEN SOLDIER LIFE IS A RETREAT.

When the war is over and the world is free

And Bill Kaiser wills Germany to me

And his palace becomes my lyre

I'll like the army life.

I am crazy to get back to the land

Where I can't here the bugles blow

No more revolve, no more retreat

No more lining up to eat.

No more drilling in hob-nail shoes

No more lining up in column of twos

No more feeling like I'm in jail

No more going off on cold details.

Lieutenants and Captains do well

But the Sergeants and Corporals

Give us a—

When I get home I'm going to tell

All my friends

I was glad when the war came

To an end

No more eating things that don't

Taste nice

When I get out of army, I can

Tell any man's wife

When whales go to roosting in the

Trees

And the birds go to swimming in

The seas

When the Pacific Ocean turns to

Holland gin

Then maybe, I'll join the army

Again.

—By—

HARRY L. JORDAN.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER REVEALS THE CARE, MEDICAL ATTENTION AND GENERAL HOSPITALITY THAT EXISTS IN BASE HOSPITALS IN FRANCE.

From E. A. Holmes, Chief Nurse Base Hospital No. 24.

American Expeditionary Forces, Lorraine, France.

Mary Fuller, Jacksonville, Texas.

My dear Mary:—You have by now received the official announcement of your dear son's death and I feel sure that you are anxious to know the details and being one of the nurses near him, I wish to render you this service.

Private Earl Fuller, Labor Battalion, was admitted to our hospital Oct. 22, suffering from a severe attack of acute pleurisy, which caused his death Oct. 28. Notwithstanding the fact that everything possible was done for him, he was an excellent medical and nursing care as he would have had in our best hospital at home. He was in the same ward with white soldiers and was nursed by white southern nurses. Our hospital is situated in a quiet and beautiful part of France and well equipped for the proper scientific care of our soldiers. He was buried in a small new American cemetery in the town of Linoges. I attended his funeral with the nurses and members of our command when the body blew he was lowered into a soldier's grave, under an American flag. The inscription on the head board is carefully and well done. "Lower from the nurses are planted on each side of the grave. Everything was done for him in life and in death as you would have wished it done. His personal belongings will be sent to you later from the Effects Department if there is anything you would like to know I will be glad to write you again with deepest sympathy to you and to Mr. I am most sincerely yours,

E. A. HOLMES.

E. L. BLACKSHEAR INTERESTED IN GOVERNMENT INSURANCE FOR THE NEGRO.

Hon. Emmett J. Scott,

Special Asst. to Sec'y of War,

War Department,

Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Scott:

The Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Col. Henry D. Lindsey, has handed me your letter of January 29th, enclosing communication from E. L. Blackshear, Field Agent, Agricultural Extension Work, Negro Division.

I am very glad indeed to have this communication and thank you very much for having brought it to my attention.

This is to advise you that plans are now being worked out for a very extensive campaign look toward the conversion into some standard form of policy the term insurance now carried by soldiers and sailors. I wish you would write Mr. Blackshear and tell him at this time he can be most effectively useful in urging upon the Negroes of Texas the necessity for having on to their present term policies in other words, urge them to keep up the premium payments. These payments can be made by money order and should be made payable to the Treasurer of the District.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) L. G. FISHER,

Chief, Insurance Division.

SUPERSTITION AN OLD ONE

In All Ages the Belief in "Crystal Gazing" Has Been More or Less Strongly Held.

Crystal gazing, or "scrying," as writers on the subject term it, has been practiced pretty well over the world from ancient times to the present. In early times they used to scry in springs and bowls of water. In the British museum there is a crystal ball said to have been used by Dr. Dee, a wizard of the time of Queen Bess. Cagliostro, that sublime humbug of the eighteenth century, used to place a pall of water on the stage and request some child to come out of the audience and gaze into it. The child would babble of castles, pageants and other marvelous pictures he could see in the clear liquid. The society for psychical research, certain of its members, would almost conclude are ready to swallow whole superstition in any shape, has done some crystal gazing and at last accounts had glass balls for sale at its headquarters in London. The late Andrew Lang stated his belief that some people have the faculty "of seeing faces, places, persons in motion in a glass ball, in water, ink or any clear deep," but scouted the notion that scrying can accomplish anything in the way of finding lost property or in foretelling the future, as has been claimed for it by crystal gazing enthusiasts. As a crystal ball is not absolutely necessary, by all accounts, and a glass pitcher of water will do just as well, almost anybody may make experiments in scrying. The liquid first turns black, it is claimed, then come the pictures. Some of us may feel that it would require a wait of at least a hundred years before anything could be seen.

HOW ROMANS GOT THE NEWS

Bulletin Boards Furnished Information to the Citizens of the "Capital of the World."

Calus Julius Caesar knew the value of publicity. As far back as when he was consul (60 B. C.) he ordered the publication of senate acts and discussions. These "Acta Senatus" were published on a whitened wooden board called "album," the neuter of "albus," which means white. In imperial days, at least as early as 29 A. D., there was an official publisher, "Curator Actorum." This news corresponded to what we get in our Congressional Record, and contained—as our record once did—the interruptions and the applause.

In 60 B. C., Caesar also ordered published "in albo" the private news of general interest, "Acta Diurna Populi Romani."

The bulletin boards of the modern newspapers had their precursors in these white tablets ordered to be displayed publicly by Caesar. In New York there are men who haunt the bulletin boards of the metropolitan dailies, jot down the news displayed thereon, and later telegraph the items to the dailies in small cities which do not support so extensive a news service as that furnished by the United or the Associated Press. So in Rome, the writer of news letters or circulars copied the news published "in albo" and sent the most important items to his subscriber out of the city. Scandal was featured in "Acta Diurna," and society news, in modern fashion, was furnished by families concerned.—From the Quill.

First Bottled Beer.

One of the funniest of accidental discoveries relates to bottled beer. In the reign of Queen Mary a certain dean of St. Paul's and master of Westminster school had to fly to the continent for his life. He was angling by the silvery Thames at the time the warning reached him. Some years later he returned not only to England, but to the very spot for the very same purpose, with rod and line. Growing thirsty, he remembered that he had left a bottle of beer in the hollow of a neighboring tree when he had suddenly taken flight some years before. The bottle was there, but when he removed the cork it went off with such a bang as to make him think it had been changed by the fairies to a gun.

Time for Politeness.

There is nothing chivalrous about the young man who steps aside to allow a woman to enter a car before him and then, with his hands, steps on her heels or on her dress. There is nothing very generous or kindly in the favor of a business man who gives someone an interview, at the same time making the interviewer feel that he is encroaching on the time of a man who earns several dollars an hour. There is no virtue in the hurried handshake that is not accompanied by a welcome light in the eye; no affection in the kiss that is given from force of habit or from custom. Every personal touch that does not bear the stamp of genuine courtesy is akin to an insult.

The Ephemeris.

Man loves the thing that doesn't last. He lives on the ephemeral. His newspaper, with its passing gulls and rapidly fading scenarios, is his daily life reading.

The death of an actor, who will be forgotten the week after his burial, moves a people profoundly. Thousands sit up all night to read a book that they "scrap" the next day.

Man does not seek truth, but variety; he seeks sensation, not permanency. His health lies in his inconsistencies. For to be ephemeral is human; but to be eternal is to be dead.

I am very glad indeed to have this communication and thank you very much for having brought it to my attention.

This is to advise you that plans are now being worked out for a very extensive campaign look toward the conversion into some standard form of policy the term insurance now carried by soldiers and sailors. I wish you would write Mr. Blackshear and tell him at this time he can be most effectively useful in urging upon the Negroes of Texas the necessity for having on to their present term policies in other words, urge them to keep up the premium payments. These payments can be made by money order and should be made payable to the Treasurer of the District.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) L. G. FISHER,

Chief, Insurance Division.

"LUCKY 76"

This Name Was Chosen For the Fact that Our Holdings Are In Block 76, Red River Valley Lands Burkburnett, Wichita County

Those who know claim sections of this block are "full of oil." If we can live up to our name "Lucky 76" and find our lease one of those sections under which Mr. Oil is simply waiting for man and machinery to bring him forth, then everything will be rosy. If we strike a duster, well, we are "not like Jefferies," we can come back.

IF YOU can afford to lose \$1.00 or more come in, with us and help to develop this tract—but if friend, wife or the kiddies need the money, stay out, for the oil game should be played by those who can afford to lose.

YOU CANNOT truthfully be promised anything but a gambler's chance, and he who promises more is not truthful to you or himself. The biggest company that has been the most successful in the past may strike a duster this time, then again they may strike oil. Your chances with us are just as bright or brighter than they would be in any other company in the proven field.

LOOK AT both sides of it; consider the amount of dusters that have never paid a penny in dividends. Then consider the many investments like the \$125.00 one, that brought back \$50,000; also the many companies that have paid dividends as regular as day and night.

OUR HOLDINGS

Consist of 5 acres in the proven field, which as you know, is worth many times as much as several acres in unproven fields. No dry holes have been drilled within one and one-half miles of our holdings.

The famous Humble well lies less than a mile south of us, the Marine and Woods wells about one mile southeast, the Hammond about three-fourths of a mile east, the Burk-Wagoner just northwest, the Hammond-Art just southwest and the city of Burkburnett about one and one-half miles southeast; adjacent to us there are more than 200 wells on the verge of completion.

Oil has been found on four sides of us in paying quantities, so you really have more than a gambler's chance.

Consider that a producing well brought in on any adjacent lease means a demand for part of our acreage, and should we decide to sell a part you will receive a handsome dividend from this source alone. Don't forget that just south of us holds the record prices for acreage in Texas, F. W. Evans of Joplin, Mo., paying \$20,000 an acre.

ASK ANYONE

who really knows (we are willing that you accept their word) to draw you the lines of what they consider the oil trend of Burkburnett; they may vary as to direction, but you will find they all include Block 76, and we are right in the center of the block.

JUST TRUTHS

Come in with the organizers; if they make money you will. Do as they did; make your check for as much as you can afford, no more—no less. Think of what a ten dollar bill will bring you, if we strike a gusher.

More than 200 oil companies in Texas are paying dividends ranging from 10 per cent to 100 per cent "per month." Our location is in the big production field; therefore, there is no reason why we cannot pay big dividends.

During February in the Burkburnett field there were 77 wells completed, 5 were dry—think of it—94½ per cent were producers. This record against the entire record of the United States for all of last year shows why it pays to invest in this field. Total wells drilled in United States, 29,948; of these 5067 were dry holes and 79 per cent were producers. Your chances in Burkburnett are 15½ per cent greater.

THE TRUSTEES

Your money is handled by men tried and proven, men whose records show that they are successful and conservative; not promoters, just plain, every-day executives.

They are just as positive that this lease contains oil as they are that there is daylight and darkness; they have invested a large sum in this lease and if you are able to afford it, they want you to invest with them.

YOUR COMPANY

These two words tell the complete story. There is no preferred stock, no assessments, no one can buy more than 5000 shares. The man or woman with one share of stock receive their dividends as promptly as the officers of the company. All monies received must be used in the development of this lease, and no other property can be acquired without a two-thirds vote of the stockholders.

In the event of the sale of part of our lease, the money must at once be pro rated among the stockholders in the form of dividends. Should the first well drilled bring oil in paying quantities no other well can be drilled until the stockholders have received 100 per cent on their investment, unless consent is obtained by a two-thirds vote of the stockholders.

The Trust Agreement provides for a special fund of \$25,000 to be deposited with a Dallas bank, "name given in Trust Agreement," to be used for no other purpose except drilling; should it not be necessary to use all of said amount balance is divided with stockholders, in dividends.

This gives you a real run for your money. You can sleep nights knowing that your money is being used for the one purpose—the development of your lease, instead of using the money for the development of other fields as some companies do.

YOU WANT OIL

and according to every rule of nature and geologist it lies under Block 76. Therefore, we only want to sell one-half of the capital stock. Just as soon as this is accomplished our Trust Agreement provides that we let contract for drilling. This gives you until March 27th to buy at par, so don't even hesitate, but buy now.

Don't even hesitate, mail this coupon today. The men and women who never take a chance are always found working for someone else, plodding along in a rut. They are just like a clock—always on the go, but standing still.

Lucky 76 Oil Company.
Kennard Sales & Investment Company,
Fiscal Agents,
1812 Main Street, Dallas, Texas.

I herewith make application for _____ shares of the Capital Stock of the Lucky 76 Oil Company of Dallas, Texas, at the par value of One Dollar (\$1.00) per share, said stock being Non-Assessable and with No-Individual Liability.

It is also understood that I tender this subscription upon the representations contained in this advertisement.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Make all checks and money orders payable to Warren A. Gilbert, Treasurer.

Lucky 76 Oil Company

The Company reserves the right to return this subscription and money for same within 24 hours of date received at Dallas, Texas.

DALLAS, TEXAS
1812 Main Street
A Trust Estate Under the Common Law—Capital Stock \$125,000—Par Value \$1.00 Per Share
Non-Assessable
J. T. Marshall, President

McCutcheon & Church, Attorneys
Capt. Warren A. Gilbert, Sec'y-Treas.

The chap who said "Old Man Opportunity" only knocked once, is dead, dumb and blind. The old boy comes often, but he doesn't hammer the door down, and it takes backbone, not wishbone, to let him in.

We want a few good agents. If you have a clear record, write or call on Mr. White, 1812 Main St., Dallas.